

# THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

BRAMWELL BOOTH  
General

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS  
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

VOL. IX. No. 7. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, February 25, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

## The West on Fire for God

### Edmonton Forces Stir the City

Police required to direct traffic—Thirteen Seekers for Sunday, the Field Secretary in charge.

(By Wire)

Ensign and Mrs. Collier. The Crusade spirit continues at Edmonton Citadel and we had a splendid Sunday with Brigadier Taylor in charge; enthusiastic audiences gave our visitor a rousing reception. The Scarlet Crusaders on horseback again headed the Sunday night march and Soldiers with banners

and placards announced the Meetings. There was the largest turnout of comrades at Open-Air in eighteen years; streets were crowded, requiring police to direct traffic and crowds followed to the Citadel. Thirteen seekers were registered for the day, bringing total seekers for Crusade up to thirty-eight.—B. Collier, Ensign.

### Drumheller's Drive against the Devil

Twenty-seven Surrenders Include a Former Preacher and a Father whose Little Son Prayed for Him

(By Wire)

Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell—The great Salvation Crusade is going full steam ahead in the mining town of Drumheller. The Army Citadel has been crowded since commencement with a stirring half-night of Prayer, and up to time of dispatching report, twenty-



seven seekers have knelt at the Cross. One of the most touching cases was that of a small boy who knelt by his father's side praying for his Salvation. A backslider, who was at one time a preacher, and felt his condition hopeless, sought and found restoration. Commandant Carroll in charge of the Campaign has been compelled to stay on owing to the increase of interest. Drumheller is in for victory.—C.C. Gordon Taylor.

### The Glory Cloud at North Battleford

Thirteen Seekers Cause Comrades to "Bubble Over" With Joy

Captain and Mrs. Chapman. The battle against sin and its strongholds is in full swing. Our Cottage Meetings are full of power, and the noon-day Prayer-Meeting at the Hall are rich in blessing. In the recent eight Meetings there has been an average of eighty-six persons present at each. Many people are under conviction, some having been compelled to rise at an early hour in the morning to read the Word of God.

Envoy Mephram was with us, the first weekend of the Crusade, and the glory cloud truly burst upon us. He arrived in time for the Saturday night Open-Air Meeting, in which seven knelt at the Altar for consecration. The Soldiers are bubbling over with joy. Hallelujah! Sunday night, after the rousing Open-Air the crowd was good in the Hall, the message was full of power, and six came to the Mercy-Seat for Salvation. We thank God for the Envoy and his stirring messages.—J. Smith.

### Majors of Virden gives Inspiring Crusade Message

Captain Houghton and Lieut. Parr.—The opening Meeting of the Crusade was conducted by Brother (Mayor) Gardner, and his Crusade message was an inspiration. At the close of the Meeting we engaged in special prayer for the effort. Our Saturday afternoon Open-Air on Main Street was well attended, as were the Sunday Meetings when we indeed felt God was with us and for us.

A Meeting of special interest and inspiration was the welcome of our Divisional Commander, Staff-Captain Steele, on Monday night. Quite a good attendance was recorded, among the number being some who had driven in several miles from surrounding farms. At the close of the gathering we rejoiced over two seekers, one for consecration and one for Salvation.

"War Cry" selling was easy last week when we boomed the issue with the "Now is the day of Salvation" front. Many would-be purchasers enquired as to the meaning of the same, and wondered if we were selling a special number.



Fort William Crusaders and Crusade Converts. Fifteen of the new comrades were absent when the photo was taken.

### Fort William's Splendid Victories

Seeker throws cigarettes on Penitent-Form—The Students addressed at Collegiate—"War Cry" sells like hot cakes

(By Wire)

Captain and Mrs. King. There were wonderful victories Thursday and Friday nights, with a large crowd in the Citadel on the latter occasion, those present being melted by the wonder of the evening's

theme, "The Power of the Cross." We enjoyed a real, old-time Prayer-Meeting in which people from all churches joined in the battle for souls. Among the seekers one man twenty-one years of age, a new case, whose mother is a Salvationist in heaven, threw his cigarettes on the Penitent-Form as he struggled and wrestled for victory. Three other adult seekers were registered. Christians from all churches are talking about the Meetings, and believe the revival will spread through the city like a prairie fire.

Visits to the Collegiate have been outstanding features of the Campaign, singing and speaking both being enjoyed by the pupils. A special women's Meeting on Friday afternoon proved to be full of fire and cheer for those gathered. The Cadets first experience of "War Cry" selling in Fort William was indeed encouraging. The papers went like hot cakes.

### Revival Fire Burns Brightly at Brandon

Thirty-four Seekers to date—more coming

(By Wire)

Adjutant White and Capt. Williamson.—The revival fervor of the Crusade at Brandon has grown in intensity, with seekers every night. The attendance has increased daily, and our converts are bravely taking their stand. Motor truck and other methods of bombardment have been most successful and the city has been deeply stirred. Visitation of homes by the Cadets has been a splendid means of securing new people and a number of these have sought Salvation.

At the Jail on Sunday five prisoners decided for Christ. At the request of Principal Byers Brigadier Carter addressed six hundred school children on India. The Commanding Officers, Sgt.-Major Dinsdale, the Local Officers and Comrades, have done yeoman service. Sunday's Meetings finished up with fourteen souls in the Fountain—this making a total of thirty-four seekers for the Campaign up to date.—Gilbert Carter, Brigadier.





# LET US GO HOME—HOME TO GOD

"Come Home with me and refresh thyself."—1 Kings, 13:7

her chickens under her wings. And ye would not."

That yearning pity for Jerusalem is the longing of the Heavenly Father for the separate and individual possession of each one of us.

There are historic Scriptural instances which almost immediately occur to one when one gets on to this strain. Those who knew of refreshment and home, and yet wandered so far afield from both.

Picture the prodigal of the old-time story. He goes along his way ragged and wretched, friendless and unloved, away over the hills to his degraded service amongst the swine. "I perish with hunger," said he. "No man gave unto me." There was a deeper, sorer need than that for bread, and that need no man could satisfy. The home yearning is so strong on him that, at last, in desperation, he makes up his mind to go home. For that want the prodigal must be at home with his Father.

There is another picture in the Old Testament that we may set beside it. There, amongst all the wealth, comes the purchase, all that heaped up luxury could bring, is the same bitter cry of hunger.

"I made my great works: I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I got me servants and maid-servants; I gathered me silver and gold; I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men. Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them: I withheld not from every joy. And behold—all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

He, too, sits amidst the emptiness of it all, perishing with hunger, and, apparently, heeding not the eternal invitation, "Come home, and refresh thyself."

There is such a blessed intimacy about this invitation which makes it ring as the very bells of the gospel; we can, so to speak, almost hear the pealing of the house bell which says that while we stand without, we are sure of admission; sure that in a moment or two we shall be welcomed, oh, so heartily!

Most of us could never feel at home where a rigid etiquette required us to consider our words, our ways, our looks, our behavior, we could end. There is the perfect freedom of the home when we can talk to the gracious and loving

Father of all that concerns us as a man talketh to his friend. When ye pray, say *Our Father*. To be assured of that Fatherhood is to know the secret of all real prayer. There must be this blessed intimacy with God if we would be at home with Him.

And is this not what He desires! It is good to think of the prodigal arising, and going home to His Father, but more wonderful is it when our Lord comes and knocks, and asks for permission to enter at the door. "If any man hear My voice and will open the door I will come in and sup with him." He who came of old eating and drinking comes still to be at home with us—one of us—one with us, making ours the Father's house, His habitation, and His home.

There is such a sureness in this invitation. We do not feel we are being invited to a cold hearth-place; to an ill spread table; or to an empty cupboard. There is a banner waving over the hithering hall which is Love itself. Here we would have us find an end of our cares, and the fullness of rest and blessedness after all the toils of the way and the terrors of the journey.

We read how King Saul was troubled in spirit—dull, depressed and lonesome. Then they fetched young David the shepherd lad and he took a harp and played with his hand. So Saul was refreshed and well.

## The Harp of God

Just in the same way, so it seems to us, if we will but yield to the Father-king's invitation, here is the Harp of God for the troubled soul. The refreshment after the journey. The sweetest music on earth that soothes all our troubles to rest. The tender care, too, of the Father; the ceaseless care of His love is ours—the cure for all our fears and frettings.

Oh, it seems that, as we write, we can feel the warm breath of His welcoming kiss; the clasp of His Father hand, and the repeated invitation—Come, refresh thyself.

Say, shall we accept it? Will you? Let us do so together, shall we? It is the King Who calls; it is the Father and if we will but home . . . surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life; and we will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.—"I"

## Labor to Win Souls

There is no substitute, even in the important duty of leading souls to God, for labor. Winning men for Christ is hard work as many a soul-winner can testify to. Fish are not caught without the putting out of the nets and souls are not won without much anxious prayer, thought and labor.

When a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learn, and they do not succeed because they do not learn it. Labor is the genius which changes the world from ugliness to beauty and the great curse to a blessing."

## First-Things First

A small boy had been given a "puzzle picture" as a gift. One side of the bricks was a picture of man, etc., and the other side a map of the world.

An uncle who was paying them a visit was rather interested in the new toy, but could not get the pieces together to make up the map.

So the cute little nephew said: "I'll show you the way: Get the man right first, and then turn it over and the world will come right."

May God help us to get the men right, then we shall help in getting the world right.

"The world for Christ and Christ for the world."

## FLEE FOR YOUR LIFE

Hogarth, the famous artist, has a picture which he calls "The Gaming House." He has drawn a company of men round the gambling table, lost to all sense and sound through their absorption of their gains. Some are wrapt up in the gratification of their gains. Others are cast into despair at their losses. But the house is on fire. The flames are breaking through the roof. The night watchman has burst in, and is calling aloud to the gamblers to escape for their lives. But they are so intent on the fortune of the game that they neither hear nor heed. In the same way the men of our time, and of every time, are so absorbed by the life of the senses, that the voice of the Spirit is not heard at all. Never was this present world so depressing and so fascinating as today, and never were men so held by it.



## Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Matthew 13:20—"The Sower Sowed Seed." Many are puzzled by these words of Jesus. But, if we read carefully, we shall see that the "rock" referred to was not Peter himself (whose name means "stone"), but the God-revealed truth, which the Apostle had just stated (v. 16). It is well to note also that the authority given Peter by the Saviour (v. 18) was evidently shared by His fellow-Apostles (See ch. 18: 18).

Monday, Matthew 16: 21-22—"What is a Man Profited if he shall Gain the Whole World and Lose His Own Soul?" How striking and provocative of thought is this question of Jesus! No man can ever hope to possess all the world has to offer, yet multitudes have their souls in their efforts to gain but a fraction of its wealth, or fame, or pleasure. Do you love a worldly, God-forgotten life? If so, stop and consider who profit you can expect at the end of it all.

Tuesday, Matthew 17: 1-13—"How . . . was Transfigured Before Them." The disciples accustomed to see their Master under ordinary human conditions working and caring for the sick and needy, looked upon Him merely as a Man. Now they are to learn that He is the Son of God. This wonderful truth taught them on the Mount of Transfiguration, they never forgot—it became the central fact of their spiritual life and service.

Wednesday, Matthew 17: 14-21—"If ye have Faith . . . Nothing shall be Impossible unto you." Through faith in God, the Saints in all ages have accomplished the seemingly impossible.

But faithful is my Lord; Through unbelief I stagger now. For God has given the word.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise see, And lead us to the glory; Laughs at impossibilities.

And cries, "It shall be done."

Thursday, Matthew 17:22-27—"The Son of Man shall be Betrayed . . . and they shall kill Him." The Saviour never hid the idea of suffering either from Himself or His followers. We came in His footsteps. Perhaps we cannot expect an easy path if we set out to follow where you have made a mistake. You have shrunk from, or resented the offence of the Cross, instead of rejoicing that you were "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name!"

Friday, Matthew 18:1-11—"Which Son of Man is Come to Save that which was Lost." Here the Prince of Glory is coming to Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's cross. Love for the lost souls of men and desire to save them prompted Him to thus humble Himself.

"He did not come to judge the world. He did not come to condemn the world. It was not to condemn the world."

It was to save He came. And when we call Him Saviour, Then we call Him by His name.

Saturday, Matthew 18:20-22—"If Him His Fault Between Him Alone." This is but a easy task, but one with moral consequences. Many of us speak about who never dare to deal with them personally. Thank God if you have a friend who tells you your faults faithfully.

We talk about old-fashioned notions and whims and tastes and fashions and ideas, but you never hear of old-fashioned pain, anguish, regrets, remorse.

They are the same yesterday, today and forever; they change not and they always follow the same causes.

Peace and joy never change and they always come from the same causes, regardless of time's little changes.

## More Fuel Wanted

WE read in Proverbs, "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out."

What spiritual significance is contained in this sentence. What a lot of people there are who have had the flame of God's grace lighted in their hearts, and have given promise of being bright, shining lights, but have become cold and lifeless; dead ashes with neither power for service nor warmth for those about them.

Inspiration.—Just as the fire needs fuel to keep it burning brightly, so the soul needs replenishing with supplies of thought and help from the Scriptures.

Prayer is a quick lighter, and linked with watchfulness, there will be the issues of warmth and fuel for service. Fire brings benefit to the needy.

Faith and works are also essential to keep the fire burning. If there is a lack in the supply of fuel, it will seriously interfere with the success of the fire, both in regard to warmth and brightness, as also in the matter of generating power for the requirements of the pistons, which have to do with the rolling of the chariot to bring the world to God.

## Theory and Practice

A once famous missionary left the secluded artist's studio for the work of Christ. He had been painting the picture of a poor woman, thinly clad, and pressing a babe to her bosom, wandering homeless on a stormy night in a dark, deserted street. As the picture grew, the artist suddenly threw down his brush, exclaiming, "Instead of merely painting the lost, I will go out and save them."

# VICTORY WINNING ON THE FIELD

Being this week's Territorial Table Talk

Winnipeg, February 16th

We do wish some folk would tell us all the good things they have heard and seen about the Crusade; but they won't and as we can't be in more than three places at once, there being only three of us—somebody gets the go-by. So there you aren't.

But there's no doubt that the Crusade Spirit has taken hold of some of us; there are, we fear, some centres where it has not reached, but don't put it down to the "War Cry"; we've said enough about it. What a pity, what a pity, to pass up such opportunities and privileges.

In most unexpected places the Fire is burning, and the Notice Board at T.H.Q., with its constantly changing sets of telegrams and news items, has been a centre of triumphant interest. Every fresh hour or so, a new message, and then another glad rush to see and know the latest. And the smaller the Corps, and the harder the fight, the greater the jubilation.

There have been some great doings in Winnipeg. The noon-hour Open-Air Meetings on Portage have increased in interest every day. And souls at each Meeting; some of the Converts came forward at thrilling moments. Read the two following paragraphs.

Thursday—Ensign Ede had special notice. Large sign to which was attached blood-stained bag, sign announced, "This bag contains evidence of great tragedy, will be opened at 12.30." Great interest aroused. Contents of bag when disclosed were:

(1) Thirty pieces of silver and purse. (2) Documentary evidence—Scripture reading concerning Trial read from roll. (3) Rope noose. Adjutant Acton and Ensign Ede did the talking on these between them, Adjutant Acton had noose around his neck. When appeal made, one woman with babe in arms stepped into centre of ring. Officer held babe while the woman got gloriously saved; she afterwards testified in the ring.

Friday — Divisional Commander dressed in eastern costume, left Headquarters at 12.15 carried on a stretcher by four Officers. Considerable curiosity and attention aroused, when arrived at Open-Air, Meeting being in full swing, great crowd gathered. With stretcher left in the middle of ring the Scripture read, Mark 2, Palsied man, was read. The Divisional Commander then arose

from bed and told story of his healing, named and spoke of four bearers as representing: (1) Truth—revealer of need. (2) Mercy. (3) Repentance. (4) Faith. These being the things which brought him to Jesus. Appeal made, one man stepped into ring, definitely saved. Another man raised hand for prayer, and professed conversion on the sidewalk.

The Crusading Spirit has taken hold of all Departments; Staff-Captain Weeks spent last Sunday at Portage-la Prairie, and came home with a voice as hoarse as could be; ten Meetings for a weekend was his total. He reports the Crusade Fire as ablaze out there.

At the Scandinavian Corps in Winnipeg, where they have had a difficult time of late, things are on the upgrade, and last Sunday night's Meeting was really good in attendance and spirit. Ensign Houghton was with them for one event. Captain Haakenson and Lieutenant Erickson are plodding on with happy faces and glad messages. *God valsegna vore Skandinaviske Kommerter; vi aro alla en Arme.*

An "Exchange of Platforms" added piquancy to the second Crusade Sunday in Winnipeg; new sermons, new songs, and new seekers were the results in many places.

Now Staff-Captain Merritt has been supplying his Officers with Crusade High-lights, and has kindly sent us a copy of some of them. Here are a few items taken from those notes, which all show that the Province of Alberta is seeking the "Breaking of the day."

Captain Leshor of Edson reports Divine outpourings of the Spirit at the Half-night of Prayer. Although only a small number present, God came in all His fullness; strengthening, blessing and fitting these warriors of Christ for the Great Crusade in which they are now engaged. On Sunday night a girl who had been a backslider for some time, returned to the Fold.

Victories at Edmonton II—Adjutant Jones leading on. Six souls registered to date. The Lord is in the midst and is welcoming the sinners home. Hopes are high for the Crusade.

God is answering prayer at Macleod. Five souls coming to God in the week. The spirit of revival is increasing daily. To God be the glory.

Captain May of Camrose says times of rich blessing were experienced at the Half-night of Prayer. Much liberty was felt in approaching the Throne. A num-

ber of Christian women in the town have become fired with the spirit of the Crusade and are uniting their prayers with those of our comrades for a mighty victory in the town. God grant it shall be given.

Victory at Calgary III. Hallelujah! Captain Watt says the crowds are good. God is answering prayer. Six seekers on Tuesday night, another on Wednesday and they have great faith for others.

In the absence of the Brigadier at Brandon, Mrs. Carter has been assisting at some of the city Corps and revelling in the opportunity for service thus offered.

Brigadier Carter reports a "magnificent finish" to the Brandon Crusade—but he doesn't really mean it has finished, you know. The Cadets final night resulted in a packed house, and a collection of \$40 towards the expenses of the Visit. Now that's real Brandonian.

Mrs. Captain Walker of Winnipeg Social has been in the Wars. During a recent Young People's Meeting an unruly boy took, what he thought was a running kick at the closed door, but unfortunately struck our comrade's ankle, and two weeks' severe trouble and recess from the fighting line have ensued.

We hear that the Monday morning weekly Officers' Meeting, which is such a blessing to the Winnipeg Officers, was a rousing time of Crusade Testimony on Monday morning last; Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele being in charge. The D.C. was away on Crusade work elsewhere.

At the Half Night of Prayer at High River, the comrades were encouraged by the thought that Lieutenant Johnsrude's mother, who lives in Saskatchewan, had also set apart this night for prayer for the Crusade. We believe God answers prayer.

Glory, glory, glory be to God for the Crusade. The West is indeed awake, and from the Lakes to the Coast we hear news of Salvation. The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich are in the firing line; so are the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller and all the rest of us. Don't let us cease the fight; we are now on with the Young People's Campaign; go to it.



"Hark! the Gospel news is sounding."

## MRS. BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR CONDUCTS WOMEN'S MEETING AT WINNIPEG CITADEL

The special Women's Night at the Citadel, conducted by Mrs. Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, was special in that we had eight seekers, and that five of them were men. One man confessed to being a smoker of 70 cigarettes per day; another man was a backslider of over 25 years' duration—an old N. & M. comrade, and one of the others was a woman drink slave. (A very good way to celebrate the proclamation of the Liquor Control Act.—Ed.).

Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke was with Mrs. Taylor, and between them one may be sure it was a bright prologue to the happy, happy ending.

The Citadel is still in the "torch-light"; last night—Tuesday—seventy-five on the parade. I tell you, old Rupert Street is still alive with Salvation glory.

Adjutant Acton is not slow in forming plans for our be-stirring, nor are we backward in coming forward.—J.R.W.

## BRIGADIER SMITH AT FORT FRANCES

Thirty-one Seekers for Ten Days —Full Hall on Sunday

(By Wire)  
Captain and Mrs. Bellamy. Victory still continues to crown our Crusade efforts at Fort Frances. The weekend Meetings led by Brigadier Smith closed the ten-day Campaign with a total of thirty-one surrenders; twenty adults and eleven Juniors.

Members of families prayed for un-saved relatives and prayer has in many instances been gloriously answered. The unconverted have been attracted by rousing Open-Airs and many have come to the Hall for the first time.

Every available seat was taken on Sunday night and we closed with the comrades rejoicing and reconsecrating themselves afresh for God and souls.—Geo. Smith, Brigadier.

## CHRIST DIED FOR ME

Ah! me,  
What do I see?  
Three in One and One in Three,  
And One of Them hath died for me.

## A DUET HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER AT BIGGAR

Captain and Mrs. Blue—We rejoice over a good start for the Crusade here. The Thursday following the visit of Lt. Colonel Sims a rousing Salvation Meeting was held, during which the invitation was given. An elderly man made his way to the Penitent-Form, and was soundly converted. During a recent illness he had been frequently visited by the Captain, and had made up his mind that God should have his all. So on this night he publicly surrendered, and the power of God broke the strength of the habits of a life-time.

During the Half-night of Prayer on Friday the Lord sent a backslider to the Hall. About 10.30 p.m. he came in, slightly intoxicated, but at 2.30 a.m. the Captain went home with him and he was completely sober, having returned to God. At one time he had been a Soldier, but the drink claimed him. Now he belongs to God once more. Hallelujah.

On Saturday afternoon the Soldiers rallied for an Open-Air Meeting in the business district, and at night bombarded the residential parts of the town.

## RAINY RIVER

Hard Fighting Results in Victory  
Capt. White & Lt. Henderson. Ensign Schwartz has returned from her adventures at Rainy River, where she and her valiant band of Cadets have been at close tackles with the enemy. The first Meeting was certainly dispiriting—one adult and eleven children; but as the days went by, the audiences became larger and larger until the seating capacity of the building was fully taxed.

Victory has been splendid; every house in the town offering a ready reception. Open-Air Meetings have been energetic, one can easily imagine that with a valiant force of Cadets on hand. And after all, to the great rejoicing of the local Officers, a total of ten seekers have been restored. Keep believing, comrades, the enemy is giving way, and we shall soon have abundant cause to rejoice over even greater victories.

The slavery of nations is as degrading as the slavery of individuals.

No man can worship purer or holier or higher or nobler than his thinking.

# WITH OUR FLAG IN OTHER LANDS

## Seeking the Lost in Holland

A branch of The Army work in the Netherlands which lately has given much reason for satisfaction and gratitude is the midnight work, writes Lt.-Colonel Westergaard, the Chief Secretary for Holland. The last six months our Officers have spent 813 hours in the night, working in this midnight effort, besides 590 hours in the daytime. They have had personal talks in the streets with 287 girls and have visited on an average thirty brothels every month, speaking to the girls there. They have also visited the sick girls in hospital and had the joy of leading twenty of them to the Saviour. Two have been sent to the Rescue Home and one was sent back to her friends. The Officers of our midnight work have distributed 1,576 "War Crys" on the streets, in public houses, and brothels. The work has not been without definite results, which the following will show:

### Fell into Bad Company

A young girl, who, in her childhood attended The Army's Meetings, fell into bad company and went deeper and deeper into sin, until she found herself on the streets in one of the big cities in Holland. One midnight she saw the Officers of The Salvation Army at their work, and to her great surprise she found she knew the Lieutenant from her childhood, when this Lieutenant was a Soldier in her home town. She hid herself in case the Lieutenant should see her. She felt so ashamed, but God spoke again to her heart and she said, "I will not let you decide to leave her wrong-doing and a few Sundays back she came to one of The Salvation Army Meetings, determined to start a new life. Here again she met the Lieutenant, who had the joy of pointing her to the Saviour. She is now in an Army Home.

## Bidding for the Children

Woman Journalist Attends an Unusual Army Meeting in Prague and is Influenced thereby

"An Auction Sale of Children" the announced title of a special Meeting held in the Prague Corn Exchange, set startling speculations coursing in the minds of many of the citizens, rumors of a varying type were current. Typical of such was "What is this Armada Spasmy going to do now?—sell children?—why do the police allow them to do this?" Children drawn from the Prague Corps were led on to the platform as Mrs. Major Nicklin, dressed in national costume as Mrs. Czechoslovakia, represented the Mothers of the Republic. Bids were made to the Territorial Commander who acted as auctioneer, by Comrades representing Pleasure, Sport, Wealth, Education and Christianity.

A woman journalist who came to report for one of the newspapers, related that the Meeting had made an indelible impression on her personally, and said: "I am a widow and my only child is the hands of a guardian, but I must confess I have not given sufficient consideration to the question of my child's future nor had I thought much of the dangers ahead. I am now resolved to bring my daughter under Christian influences."

## Italy's Signs of Progress

The Army's work in Italy goes on slowly but surely. The fact of progress is given in the recent announcement of the creation of a new Hall at Brescia. The inauguration Meeting was a spiritual feast and many saw in the beautiful building more than bricks and mortar—it was to them a sign of the Power of God in The Salvation Army. For the night following, the Hall was full of overflowing, and souls yielded to God. Accompanied by other Officers, Brigadier Ebbs presided over the first two days' Meetings.

## Salvation Scenes in China



\*\*\*  
In the top left-hand picture will be recognized Captain Grace Hoddinott with other Officers and a group of Chinese children.  
\*\*\*



\*\*\*  
Top, right: Women and their little ones have been given food and shelter by The Army.  
Bottom: An Army Porridge Kitchen.  
\*\*\*

## A Thrilling Journey in British Honduras

Dark Entangled Forests where Lurk Tigers, Snakes and other Living Things

Brigadier Smith of the West Indies (West) Territory who has recently visited Belize and other centres in the Mahogany County of British Honduras, says: "It was cold enough for me to wear my top coat when we got out to visit the Mahogany Camp. We got on top of the rail-motor, our journey of twenty-four miles was on a single track out through the bush, which had a fertile district, and on to the mountain ranges. Our driver and his assistant were Carib Indians, with well defined features. They were like boys with a toy, and appeared to get plenty of fun out of the driving. Personally, I was not without fear of being thrown over the pile built bridges into the depths below, so swiftly did we sweep along."

"The bridges are made of wooden piles, with ties thrown across the width of the motor. The country at places is dark entangled forest land, and there are tigers, snakes and other living things, including the famous battlefields, which come at one like an army of aeroplanes. They suck one's blood and leave a scar. The men and foresters we saw had guns to protect themselves against wild animals. We arrived at the terminus of the railway and came to the small light rails, which lead to Mahogany Camp, and on which the great logs were brought to the main land for shipment."

### Crossed Seventy-five Bridges

"We had to walk a mile over this little railway track, in order to climb over mountains; it is the most thrilling walk I have ever had. We crossed seventy-five bridges, consisting of huge logs of wood, thrown over the rivers and ravines, and we had to step warily from tie to tie. We grew so giddy that Field Major Martin and I myself had to crawl over on our hands and knees, as some of the

ties were too wide apart for us to take steps with confidence.

"Perhaps the most interesting part of the journey was the aerial tramway, which is composed of steel wires running overhead, far over the mountains and spanning a huge precipice. This is to overcome the physical difficulty of transfer from the camps to the railway track. Our journey back to Camp was thrilling. We stood on one of the small trucks in front of the logs, and the little engine pulled us along the narrow railway tracks, over rivers and chasms. At times as we looked down we could see nothing but gaping depths. We came down to the foot of the mountain and the engine had finished its task."

### Hung by Slender Ropes

"A square 'box' was lowered in which Field-Major Martin and myself had to sit on two kerosene tins. Then up we went like a rocket! When we reached beyond the mountain top, we began to glide down again. While we did so the trees looked like small plants right down in the depths. We saw the river and heard it roar as it tumbled over huge boulders. Once or twice we had a thrill as we hung by the slender ropes, as when the trolley slipped over a switch. We slipped along over the mountain, however, until we came to the camp from whence we had started."

"The experience was never to be forgotten, but we were thankful that the journey was so short. We had talks with the men about their homes and work. These camps are very lonely places, and the men are away for months together. The Salvation Army is not unknown to some of these men, for whom we are hoping to cater more and more in the days ahead."

## Straightening up the "Drunks"

Army Coffee Car does Valuable Work Among Service Men in Shanghai

Hot strong coffee, distributed from the tailboard of the Salvation Army "bus," transforms drunken men into sober citizens, says a despatch to head from Shanghai. The "bus" mentioned in the notice is by the owner of a Shanghai garage to assist The Army's work among the men. One day in a local paper an advertisement was broadcast announcing the complete breakdown of "Hallelujah Lizzie," the car used to run along the lines where the posts were manned. Within a few days of the publication of the paper, another car arrived for Salvation Army Service. "Nightly," says our correspondent, "the men, British and American and others, almost incapable 'roll' along to the car for coffee. I have the same time they say 'the bus' and yet the drink of coffee quickly takes its effect. They become changed men, standing straight, and talking sense."

"One night a British sailor the way for drink, partook of two cups of coffee. After leaving us he was arrested by military police for being drunk. He was brought before the Medical Officer, he came into the presence of the latter, he came up smartly to the salute without a sign of unsteadiness. 'What did we have to drink?' queried the Medical Officer. 'I had two cups of coffee at the Salvation Army canteen,' was the reply. The Medical Officer thereupon dismissed him with 'not guilty.' We hope it will be a lesson to him."

## Our International Army

The International aspect of The Army's activities impresses visitors to our various centres. This is especially so in India, where, at Nagpur recently, a distinguished personage called and remarked upon the point mentioned. No wonder, for at the one centre the visitors spoke with Missionary Officers from England, Scotland, the United States, Norway, Sweden, Canada and New Zealand besides devoted Ceylonese, Tamil, and Malayalam comrades.

## The Poor of Paris

Midnight Feasts at Children's Treats Provide Stirring Scenes

Parisian newspapers have recently been full of the doings of The Army, which recently included a midnight feast for eight hundred homeless and was touching in the extreme. The feast dining hall of the Palais de la Femme was full of flowing, and the men and women were given as much food as they desired. The Children's Fete in the Place Paris Varian Circus was unique. It was a stirring sight to see nearly ten thousand children gathered under the Army flag listening in breathless interest while the story of Jesus was unfolded to them by living representation.

Lieutenant Stanley Bennett, son of Lieut. Colonel M. Bennett, who after long and faithful service in America, has retired to Cuba, where The Army Corps and the beginning of the new year. The Headquarters until now is now at Havana, to probability the Lieutenant will still.

The Imperial Household Department of Japan has given the Army one of the buildings erected for the late Emperor. The building is valued at about 6,000 yen and is to be used for a Day Nursery.

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea"

Psalm 72:8



# Crusading Adventures in Winnipeg

By The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller

BOTH the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller have been intent on Crusading adventure since our last report; busy days at the office and full Meetings at night have been the programme, and we rejoice to know that their labors have not been in vain.

## Weston—

Continuing his activities the Chief Secretary was at Weston on Wednesday night, Mrs. Miller again taking her place



Ensign and Mrs. Ede, St. James

with him. It was easy to be seen that the spirit of the Crusade has seized the folks at this energetic Corps. How well they respond to the call of their Corps Officers, Captain Nyrørd and Lt. Hamilton, who are not slack in making spirited demands upon them.

A torch-light procession had enlightened the "villagers" and still further stirred up interest. A crowded house was the result, and those who know Weston will understand that a hearty time was in progress. The Chief Secretary describes the audience as intelligently interested and enthusiastic.

A salvo of testimonies set things rolling; Ensign Biro and Captain G. Habkirk were to the fore with duets and song, and also gladsome testimonies. Mrs. Brigadier Smith was also a very welcome visitor. Then Colonel and Mrs. Miller gave us of their best, and made it very evident that the Crusade spirit is all aglow within them. Seven souls were the result of the Meeting—glory be to God.

## Norwood—

Across the Red River at Norwood on Thursday night the Colonel and his Crusading partner were busy once more; we hear that it was 11.45 p.m. before the Meeting finally closed.

Ensign and Mrs. Joyce are holding aloft the banner and doing their utmost to inculcate the spirit of the Crusade into their soldiery. The messages of the

visitors were blessed of God to all hearts, and one outstanding capture was that of a young woman sadly addicted to the cigarette habit.

At the Penitent-Form she had a great struggle for liberty, but finally came off a victor, amidst much rejoicing from the assembled comrades. One other also sought God during the Meeting. Quite a bevy of young women Officers from T.H.Q. were with the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller, and assisted well, right on to the end. Indeed, we have heard of one of them who engaged in prayer no less than four times, so concerned was she about some of those who were present.

## Sherbrooke Street—

A rousing Testimony Meeting, led by Captain Jim Habkirk, in which a large number of the comrades took part, made a good start at this Corps on Friday evening. This was followed by a season of prayer and a helpful message from Mrs. Miller, in which she urged the soldiery to seek the fullness of God.

A solo from Captain G. Habkirk was much appreciated, and then for a splendid ten minutes we were regaled by the Colonel with, "How goes the Crusade," a recital of some of the glad news which has been received at Headquarters during these past few days. One of these stories we are saving for another issue.

Our leader's address was an inspiration to the saved, and an admonition to the backslider. His appeal met with a response and four sisters knelt at the Cross. The final scene of the evening was a "Prayer-Ring around the altar."

Ensign Haynes is in pro-tem charge of the Corps, with a Brigade of Cadets, and she gave a bright report of the Crusade operations during the past week, and Mrs. Brigadier Carter, Adjutant Putt, Captain Leadbetter and other Officers who were present gave earnest testimonies. The Band rendered good service, as our Band always does.

## St. James—

One has some difficulty in setting down all the thoughts of such a day as that which we spent at St. James on Sunday last, when the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller were in command—no, not exactly that—when they were our leaders, we would rather say.

First of all there was the fact that so many of our number were able to sing from memory so much of that "Gospel of Commissioner Lawley's" "Wanted Hearts," it showed that the call of it had often been sounded there; secondly,

there was the ready response during prayer—scarcely even a moment when there were not some audible "joins-ins in prayer together;" then again, there was that family spirit which, to our mind, always characterises the Corps at St. James—and not so to exclude others who would come within the happy circle.

It is easy to imagine that the Colonel found himself in his element in such an atmosphere—so did Mrs. Miller, and all his leadership and their talks and exhortations were shaped accordingly. There was a Crusade feeling with us, and we were not unaware of the fact that our leaders had been hard at it all the week on the same business bent, or that there had been awakening scenes in the Corps during recent days.

We had with us—morning and evening—Captains Grace Jones, Ida Tindale and Doris Thatcher, who are proceeding from Winnipeg "Grace" to Vancouver "Grace"—much needed reinforcements were told. They were to the point with their testimonies, and as we listened we could not but feel that the tenacity of their calling had taken hold of them, and given them a message of special individuality and directness.

The Band was with us in heartiness, under the baton of our good comrade, Dancy—Captain Watt being absent on sick leave; they joined in gladly with a special bombardment for the afternoon. Ensign Ede had also arranged a special Parents' Invitation Visitation, which resulted in some fresh friends being with us on Sunday night.

As in the morning a goodly crowd had gathered. Lt-Colonel Joy who was with us in the morning was with us again, and so were Mrs. Joy and Lt-Colonel Sims—fresh from his Albertan and Saskatchewan experiences. They all had something to do to make the Meetings varied in their character.

Mrs. Miller's night message lost nothing in its emphasis and sturdiness—not in its pleasant conciseness; and as usual the Chief Secretary had his topic well in hand, garnished plentifully with catching, even thrilling, illustrations which served to fasten all he said as with a nail in a sure place! The choice of songs—some of them very old indeed—was happy, and helped us in a community singing—as they call it now-a-days.

The personal dealing was desperate; Ensign Ede's platform pleadings were earnest and sincere; the singing was of a specially inviting character; nothing was lacking, seemingly, in the faith of the soldiery; but— We wonder why?

Surely some seed was sown—we know it was—which will bring forth fruit in these near days.

We closed with a consecration of our farewell hospital sisters, and the friendly good-bye salutations of our many St. James comrades in our ears. And as we still believe His Word cannot fail—we wait for the good news.

And it has come. We felt in our very soul that we should have something good to say. Three souls came forward on the Monday night Meeting when Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele was in charge. "My word shall not return void," the Lord said, and "He keepeth His promise for ever."

## Winnipeg Social Corps—

Expectation ran high in connection with the visit of Colonel and Mrs. Miller and it is interesting to report that there was no disappointment. We were glad



Ensign and Mrs. Joyce, Norwood

to have with us Lt-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson, as well as Lt-Colonel Sims. The Colonel, in his usual happy vein and style soon made everybody feel quite at home. There was a splendid attendance and all were believing that good results would attend this special visit. Mrs. Colonel Miller assisted the Colonel and gave a very profitable talk out of her own experience.

There was good singing, interspersed by testimonies from old and new converts. These were led on by Colonel Dickerson, after which the Chief Secretary gave a very helpful and impressive address and none were surprised when we came to the Prayer-Meeting to see three men and one young girl kneeling at the Mercy-Seat. This was a great inspiration to the comrades of the Corps, who are encouraged to believe the good work will long continue.

## Men's Social Crusaders

### Lt-Colonel Dickerson Concludes Successful Tour

Lt-Colonel Dickerson and Adjutant Stewart concluded their Crusade effort at Medicine Hat, where they had a very wonderful time. The visitors were marched to the station by the Corps and friends after 10 p.m. Tuesday evening. On the platform several choruses were sung, after which the Colonel gave an appropriate talk to comrades and friends gathered around.

Early next morning the Colonel and Adjutant were met at the Gleichen station by Adjutant Norberg who was all smiles and very happy to receive his visitors. The work of the Institution was carefully considered and inspected, they being at present 57 old men and 7 old ladies in the Home. All appeared to be comfortable, and quite a number expressed themselves as being happy and very grateful to The Army for its care and attention to them in their old age. In the evening a very blessed Meeting was held and the swearing-in of the first Soldier of the Home proved to be a most interesting little ceremony. In the Prayer-Meeting one old gentleman decided for Christ.

Leaving Calhoun at 3 a.m. next morning the Crusaders went on to Calgary, where they were met by Adjutant Waterston and escorted to the Old People's Home. They were kindly received by Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr, who, with their two assistants, Cap-

tain Dowkes and Captain Jones, are doing well for the old people. The Home was work was inspected by the Colonel, who also spent some little time with each of the old people. The same proved to be very interesting and we believe very helpful. There at present seventeen old people in this Home.

In the evening of the same day a big Meeting was held at the Calgary Men's Hostel. The Hall was filled to capacity, special features of the Meeting being the presentation of a new Flag to the Social Corps, and the swearing-in of three Soldiers, one of the men among the number being over eighty. In his address he says he has found the light, and is sorry to give God the last remains of a broken life, but he feels so happy in the knowledge of Salvation. The Meeting was of a very interesting character and all

taking part apparently enjoyed themselves to the full. There were two surrenders for Salvation. Adjutant and Mrs. Waterston, together with Adjutant Kerr and Captain Jones, gave cheerful assistance to the visitors and made their work comparatively easy and very pleasurable. Here the two Crusaders parted and Adjutant Stewart returned to his work at Edmonton and the Colonel to Winnipeg.

Sunday, the Colonel was at the Hostel in the evening, and had a very wonderful Meeting. Good news very near. The comrades were full of expectation and were not disappointed, for at the conclusion of the first service, about seventeen adults volunteered for Salvation and Sanctification. The Colonel was assisted by Mrs. Dickerson, Brigadier and Mrs. Cummins, Major Habkirk and others.

## Port Arthur Stirred

### Thirty-five Souls Reported—Converts Dedicated under the Flag

(By Wire)  
Crowds during the Crusade at Port Arthur have increased each night during the week, and every night souls have been at the Mercy-Seat. Among these are some splendid captures. Sunday was a wonderful day from 9.30 a.m. and closing at 11.30 p.m. Fourteen seekers came to the Cross, nine for Holiness and five for Salvation. The sacred Praise Meeting in the afternoon filled the Hall and many of the recent Converts gave testimonies.

Over sixty extra chairs were crowded in for the night Meeting and every seat was filled. The power of God rested on the Meeting, and a great battle for souls raged in the Prayer-Meeting. A break came and five souls stepped in the light of God. A sight which made the people of God rejoice was the Converts of the Crusade, grouped under the Flag Army, and singing, "I'll be true Lord, to Thee," and dedicated by Major Cairns.

Staff-Captain Steel, the Divisional Commander, was the chief speaker at the morning Meeting, and Field-Major Hoddinott was a great help over the weekend. The Cadets with their great enthusiasm have stirred the army from one end to the other. The revival fire is burning brightly; new and old Crusaders are marching on together. Thirty-five souls have knelt at the Mercy-Seat during the last ten days. Hallelujah!—W. Oake, Major.

## The Commissioner's Appointments

(Young People's Councils)

EDMONTON Sunday, March 4  
CALGARY Sunday, March 11  
WINNIPEG Sunday, April 1

also

T. G. Auditorium Monday, February 27  
(Hon. Judge L. St. G. Stubbs' Lecture)

# THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth  
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters  
London, England  
Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-  
dressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.  
SUBSCRIPTION NOTES: A copy of The  
War Cry including the Special Easter and  
Christmas issues will be mailed to any address  
in Canada for twelve months for the sum of  
\$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Sec-  
retary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada  
West by The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg,  
Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langdale  
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## General Order

March 3rd, 4th and 5th will be  
observed throughout the Territory as  
the "Young People's Annual"  
and Prize-Giving Weekend. Com-  
manding Officers and Y.P. Sergt-  
Majors please note.

## Official Gazette

(By authority of the General)

### PROMOTION

Major Mary Whittaker, M.D., Medi-  
cal Superintendent Grace Hospital,  
Winnipeg, to be Brigadier.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lt.-Commissioner.

## Little Foes and Faults

I WAS searching one day last week  
for some examples of the evil  
wrought by little foes and faults, and  
knowing where to look, I found a  
few. I was not altogether unmindful  
of the fact that we are now in the  
midst of the Young People's Crusade,  
and that some illustrations might be  
useful for me, and for others who  
will be speaking to the young folk  
during these days.

### Death by the "Littles"

First came the story of the hunter  
who thought he had killed a tiger and  
approached the beast to examine its  
skin, only to discover that it was not  
yet dead. With a roar it sprang up,  
seizing the hunter by the knee and  
crushing the bone before it felt back  
dead. It was impossible for the man  
to walk, and in considerable agony he  
lay upon the ground, waiting for the  
help he knew would eventually come  
in reply to his shoutings. After a  
few hours, however, he forgot the  
tiger and his broken bones in his tre-  
mendous struggle with thousands of  
little ants, which covered him and  
seemed to bore into every nerve as  
with hot awls, but for the ar-  
rival of timely help he would soon  
have been killed. Which story is a  
parable, and is full of admonition for  
those who spend their days thus.

### Nearly Lost by—Losing

Now the other story was of a Lon-  
don workman who was employed,  
many years ago, in the making of a  
lifeboat. Before the boat was finished  
he lost his hammer, and probably  
never knew that it was nailed up in  
the bottom of the boat. Perhaps,  
even had he known, he would have  
thought the only harm done was the  
loss of a hammer, but the boat was  
put into service, and every time it  
moved on the waves the hammer  
rolled from side to side. Little by  
little it wore for itself a track, until  
it had worn through the planking of  
the boat down to its copper sheathing  
before it was discovered. Only that  
sheet of copper kept out the sea. A  
little thing at the start, but what  
mischievous it might have caused, but  
for the righting in time of the harm  
it had done! And the moral of that  
story? What but that of the need for  
the offering of the prayer: "Cleanse  
Thou me from secret faults?"

## VERNON

(By Wire)

Captain Buckley and Lieut. Mack.  
It is the breaking of thirty-four  
Sunday night at memorial of Corps  
Sergeant-Major. Whole town stirred  
through his death.—N.B.

# Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)



## Missionary Session Benefits—Protest against Postmark Advertising— Old and New Testaments Wonderfully One— Whom Shall We Send?

Monday, August 23rd, 1926—Yester-  
day, morning and afternoon at our  
Sunbury Institute—the closing-up  
Missionary Session. About forty other  
Officers attending for the day. We have  
some freedom, and I felt that a happy  
impression was made. Some of the younger  
men and women especially have evidently  
been blessed. Jordan (Colonel in charge)  
speaks well of the work done.

Some of the times saw Willard Kitching  
(Staff-Captain), now to be Assistant  
National Band Secretary for the U.K.  
Gave him some advice. He rings true.  
A personal pleasure to have with me  
Hoe (Lieut.-Commissioner, Retiring) and  
Bullard (Commissioner, Retired) and his  
wife.

Home early, and dictated to Morgan  
for an hour or so; then to work for "Staff  
Review." This is an important under-  
taking, but rather exacting.—Bernard re-  
ported better, though much weakened by  
fever.

Among the Officers whom I met today  
are some going to India, Korea, Burma,  
the Dutch Indies, China, and South  
Africa—a notable company, especially if  
others returning from furlough be taken  
into account. A sense of romance, of  
poetry, of sweetest devotion hovered  
near us all day. The world whirling on in  
its mad pursuit of all that belongs to  
selfishness—and here in another scene  
they—

... Amid earth's hard, bad strife  
Seem gathered round our altar, and to  
Christ

They offer love for Love and life for Life!

Today, Say Bees; he does not wish to go  
away, and yet he ought to do so. Left F.  
with him. Cables re Estill; dangerous  
relapse; operation today very grave. I feel  
sad at heart.

Allister Smith; will return to South  
Africa in charge for six months. He is a  
fine spirit. Bedford (Colonel), and money.  
What a perplexity—an ever-recurring per-  
plexity—money, or the want of it, is!

Thursday, 26th.—With F. to Mr.  
Hampton's, sculptor. Beautiful bust of  
the Founder, who gave Mr. M. some sit-

tings. A fine study, and in some aspects  
very like. It is in marble. An disposal  
to take it and present it to Scotland,  
where we have nothing of this kind.

Friday, 27th.—Chief, and a very long  
list of important affairs. Many decisions,  
including International Young People's  
Staff Council next March.

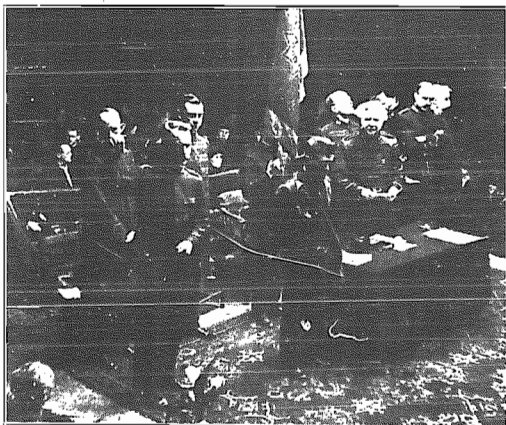
Not a little perplexed over proposed  
Bill to Regulate Religious in Japan.  
Some of its clauses seem calculated to  
seriously hamper and restrict our work  
there. Care and wisdom required here!  
No doubt the desire for this legislation  
arises out of the wish of the Japanese to  
avoid the interference of other Eastern  
peoples in their internal affairs.

Saturday, 28th.—At work on Hand-  
book of Doctrine at 9.30. I.H.Q. at 11.30.  
Letter from the Editor of "The Times."  
I wrote him a few days ago with refer-  
ence to the General Post Office proposal  
to put adverts on the postmarks. He did  
not print my letter, which was as follows:

To the Editor of "The Times."  
Sir.—As General of The Salvation Army,  
I am rather a good customer of the Post  
Office. Considerable numbers of letters,  
and still larger numbers of circulars, etc.,  
relating to the affairs of The Salvation  
Army are circulated day by day through  
the post. They are addressed to persons  
in all classes of society, and not a few of  
them to those we would address or are seek-  
ing to help in sorrow, or temptation, or  
misfortune. My name is well-known as  
associated with causes closely related to  
religion and temperance. It is surprising  
that, in these circumstances, I should feel  
no little chagrin at finding the covers of  
my letters, etc., liable to be stamped with  
such words as "Buy Booth's Gin,"  
"Booth's Gin is Best!" I may be pleased  
to think that if there be such a thing as  
good or better or best among gins that  
that of my namesake should be considered  
the best! But I am not pleased that my  
stationery and postage should be used to  
publish the tidings to my correspondents,  
or to invite them to use what I and my  
friends believe to be a fruitful source of  
misery, vice, and crime.

Will not "The Times" help to bring the  
Postmaster-General to some reasonable  
sense of decency in this matter?

Now the Editor writes to tell me that  
he has pocketed my argument and used  
it in his leading article, and asks pardon.  
Granted!



The extent of the victory gained by the tremendous Salvation Siege in  
Great Britain is shown by the remarkable fact that more than 13,000 new  
Soldiers have been enrolled. The photograph shows the General conducting  
an enrolment of 500 new comrades at "The Ring," Blackfriars Rd., London.

Sunday, 29th.—So far as work goes, a  
luckless day. Strove hard with propo-  
sition for Bandmaster's Council, but some-  
how very depressed. Walked on horse  
with Cliff (Staff-Captain Wright) before  
he tried to cheer me up. Most anxious  
about Estill.

Reading—Juke's of "The Four Gos-  
pels." How closely to New Testaments  
illustrates and enforces the thoughts of  
the Old! The Lord is merciful and  
gracious. And the other, the other  
greatest name of Old Testament times,  
writes of Him in terms of grace and truth.  
The Husbandman—the vine-dresser—the  
Shepherd—the Bridegroom—the Hus-  
band—the God of infinite compassion,  
steadfast and forgiving as a brother.

How wonderfully all this, and indeed  
much more—especially the Songs of  
David—charged with the same spirit  
—anticipates, enlarges, illuminates, and  
teaching and works of Jesus and the very  
spirit—the pith and marrow—of the  
Gospels! So we see that the word of the  
Lord is one.

Lues, 31st.—Lumbago better—ap-  
ply a slight attack.

9.30, with F. and C. to I.H.Q. Answer  
my letters, Oliphant's (Commissioner)  
and Lucy's (Commissioner) Mrs. Halliday,  
and among the cables last re Estill—  
slightly improving.

Some of the many interviews  
today, with Alister Smith, with Simpson (Com-  
missioner), on South Africa. What a life!  
What an open door! Oh, for men—men  
and money, but especially men! My heart  
cries out, "Whom shall we send?"

Kitching (Commissioner); much in  
hand. Short talk of dear old Jonathan  
Grubb, who, although an old-time  
Quaker, was nearly a Salvationist.  
Moklebus (Colonel, Norway) and his  
present anxieties. Ewens (Lieut.-Com-  
missioner) and Mrs. Ewens, returning to  
Calcutta before I go away. Am pleased  
with both. Lord Lytton has not yet  
fulfilled his promise to me to help with  
the Criminal Tribes in Bengal. But it  
will.

Gore (Lieut.-Colonel) and wife, from  
Bombay. The position of women in India  
is a subject of acute anxiety. We are  
doing our very utmost to bring them out  
of the dark shadows in which they live  
and move.

Wednesday, September 1st.—Another  
crowded day. Many interviews; Officers  
from Java and Japan.

World Councils. Some important  
questions. Can we reduce the time of  
service for Officers in the Far East? The  
strain upon them is very great. An im-  
portant proposition from the Methu-  
ists with regard to working Northern  
Rhodesia.

(To be continued next week)

## A Continental Warfare

"Down East" and "Over the Line" in  
Fire for God.

IT is glorious to know that all over  
the North American Continent there  
is proceeding a great Salvation Battle  
against the forces of evil—a special  
Campaign for Christ and His King-  
dom. Our comrades "Over the Line"  
are in the thick of a struggle which is  
termed "The Do Your Best" Cam-  
paign.

The Commander has given a mag-  
nificent lead to both troops, and the  
various Territorial Commissioners  
are also in the van of their forces.  
It would indeed be an interesting cal-  
culation to discover the number of  
seekers reported at the Percy-Seat in  
any one week over the entire con-  
tinent, but we remember that many  
unreported, and many a victory gained  
except as recorded in the Book of His  
Remembrance.

And "Down East," as the affection-  
ately call it, there is a larger and  
paign a-going; "The Do Your Best"  
Better." It is going to be a great day  
"Cry" is inspiring ready.  
We have noted the number of  
Maxwell's great week!  
I, the forty-third anniversary of that  
historic Corps. Then, a closer in its  
which binds Canada ever closer in its  
Army internationalism, strengthened by the  
Service of five East-  
And so we go on  
Christ; "America for  
World for Christ"—a  
which makes and keeps  
as one.

# With Our Crusading Commissioner

## Commissioner Rich in Regina and Moose Jaw—Depot and Mayoral Receptions

### Open-Air Preaching—Lecturing—Inspecting—Reconnoitering—Soul-Saving—and Giving Glory to God

THE Commissioner has been no slacker in the matter of the Crusade; he has thrown himself, soul and body, into the effort, and those who have been in his company during recent days have not had to complain of many idle moments.

#### NORTHSIDE'S SHARE

Following the strenuous and triumphant weekend at Brandon which we reported last week, and which has been so gloriously continued by Brigadier Carter and his Cadets, our Leader sallied forth on Regina on Tuesday evening last. A flaring musical reception awaited him at the depot, and he seized the opportunity of addressing the great crowd which had assembled on the station. The Band struck up, and we were off to Northside Citadel, where soon a burning-hot Meeting was in progress.

Our good comrade, Brother O. D. Hill, M.L.A., from Melfort was with us, and gave a rousing testimony; and had as his happy supporters two other members of the Provincial Legislature.

From start to finish the time seemed to slip away on a wave of enthusiasm; song and testimony, prayer and exhortation, and at the end two souls seeking God.

#### MOOSE JAW'S PARTICIPATION

From this thrilling introduction to the glories of the weekend, about which we will have something to say later on, the Commissioner journeyed over to Moose Jaw; that enterprising sister-city wherein The Army has such a hearty appreciation, and is so happily situated, both in the placing of its buildings, and in the esteem of the citizens.

This latter fact was well shown in the reception, personal and official, which His Worship Mayor Dunn extended to our Leader on his arrival. Nothing formal about it, of course, but comradely and hearty, just the usual Moose Jaw spirit—a walk and a talk.

A goodly crowd gathered for the evening Meeting of Wednesday; Brigadier Allen and Adjutant Merritt in their respective *qui vive* attitudes. The Commissioner was soon up to the hilt in the engagement, and with heart and voice encouraged all present in the special things of God and the particular things of the Campaign. The fact that this Meeting had been preceded by a Soldier's Tea and Table Talk gave it a specially hearty character.

The programme for Thursday included a broadcasting engagement at noon for both the Commissioner and Adjutant Mundy; we wish we could have been "on the air," but unfortunately we were not told, or we could have enjoyed the blessings which came therefrom, and about which we have received some special incidents, which our regular correspondent has promised for another issue.

Thursday also claimed attention for the afternoon gathering, when we were pleased to see a very happy company, made all the more comfortable by the smiles of the special Crusader—Brigadier Allen.

The night Meeting, which was to be the last of the Moose Jaw series, showed that the fire was burning, and if the Commissioner had been able to extend his visit, we should have rejoiced in his heart with a real outbreak; as it was we were glad together over five seekers, and we believe for more to follow.

It is needless to say that the genial presence of Adjutant Tom Mundy, ever-faithful supporter of his T.C., added to the enjoyment of his visit; his solos were refreshing and inspiring. The Commissioner's addresses moved many hearts, so our local correspondent tells us, and we feel sure that the Crusade received a splendid impetus.

Later news for the weekend tells of eleven seekers; praise His Name.

#### STREET PREACHING IN REGINA

Following on these excellent days at Moose Jaw, the Commissioner returned to the Queen City on Friday at noon, and once more was in the vortex of the Cam-

paign. The first was an Open-Air engagement outside the City Hall. Crusading comrades were out in force with banners and street signs. A motor truck, laden with a piano and other musical instruments, not to say instrumentalists, was part of the equipment, and from this vantage point the Commissioner delivered a telling address to the eager crowd of mid-day lunch folk. Just the opportunity which would stir the heart of our Crusading in-Chief.

Adjutants Tom and George Mundy contributed their pleasant quota to this attraction, and it certainly was a successful and soul-winning venture. (God has been signally good to us in the way of weather during these special days).

#### AT THE COLLEGIATE

From this attack the Commissioner led the way to the Central Collegiate, where the genial Principal—Mr. Dodan, with two of the Collegiate Board, Messrs. J. Balfour and McEwen—received him, and presented him to a splendid audience of four hundred young men and women. An inspiring crowd, and in his own ready fashion, the Commissioner was soon on intimate terms with his audience. His

Army, there's a War on," was our battle-cry, and we made it ring around those business and hotel centres.

Then, the Saturday night Meeting—still with the same inspiring war-song, followed by that old-time refresher—"Come, ye that love the Lord," and so on again, with songs, testimonies, and spiritual feasting the Meeting sped by. Captains Renas, Partridge and Murdie—young saints these—helped us with their words; Adjutant T. Mundy gave us of his chorus repertoire, followed by the Commissioner's address, and again seekers at the Penitent-Form.

#### THE START OF SUNDAY

Sunday started with an old-fashioned Kneedrill—not yet out of date in Regina—and that was just the stepping-stone for a glory-of-glories Day. God did not fail in the promise He gave to our praying comrades.

Sunday morning Meeting was indeed a wonderful time. One does not want to be too free with their adjectives, for once started, it is difficult to know where to draw the line—but it was a wonderful day.

Brigadier Park was with us, and she

just in the mood to hear our Commissioner tell of the mighty, yet human, victories we are winning out in these Western lands. Those who have been privileged to hear this lecture, will not wonder that our Leader does not tire of his story, but rather adds to it fresh tales of adventure for God, until it becomes a veritable triumph-song.

Mr. Barr, another splendid friend and auxiliary of ours, and Mr. J. J. McRae moved and seconded the votes of thanks, and right well they acquitted themselves in so doing. Again we were reminded of our high responsibility to the great future, representative of all that is best in the civic and provincial life of our city.

#### THE NIGHT ENGAGEMENT

And what of the Night Gathering? We remind ourselves that time and space are rapidly filling up, but it was a real gorgeous Battle for Souls. Fighting in its character, yet so mellow in its moods; so appealing in its messages—whether song, Scripture, prayer, or spoken word. And others of congregational song were masterly; the duets of the adjutants G. and T. Mundy soulfully musical—as would be expected—and so we came step by step to the central part of the Meeting.

The Songsters were with us in their believing singing; the Band touched numbers of souls with the choicefulness of "An Appeal," all creating a mood which must have been helpful to the Commissioner.

Once again the "Word was with power," and we do not set down anything which is exaggerated when we say that the Commissioner swayed our emotions, and stirred us to our spiritual depths. That old-time story. How often we have heard it. How often it has stirred our souls. How often we have seen its characters enact that spiritual drama. But we saw it all afresh on Sunday night—and others saw it too, and fens its working within their own sin-bound hearts, and more chains were broken, more fetters snapped, until we shouted our Hallelujahs over eleven more surrenders, a total of twenty-six (26) for the Regina Campaign Days.

The Commissioner did not cease his efforts in his sermon, but carried on into the Prayer-Meeting, an event in which he was afterwards assisted by Staff-Captain Tutte and Adjutant T. Mundy; so that one can imagine the wind-up bubbled over with Salvation exuberance.

#### HOW WE SPENT MONDAY

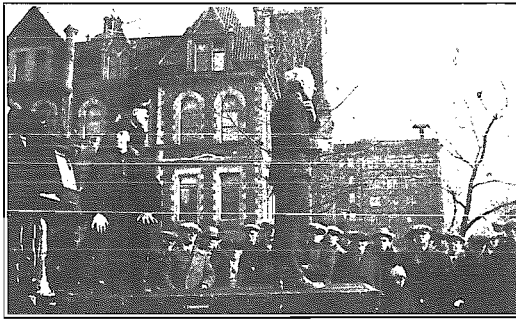
Monday; well, what of Monday? As we used to sing in the good old days:

"The War must go on  
Till the world is possessed;  
The Salvation Army  
Jehovah has blessed."

So it is small wonder that the Commissioner and his people had another full day. An interview with the Premier of the Province, Hon. James Gardiner, a conversation fraught with much importance; lengthy talks with Mr. Barr, our Provincial legal adviser; another hospital visitation and so the hours, were filled.

A luncheon hour gathering with the members of the Rotary Club was an event. The Rotarians are not wanting in good work, civic, economic or social, and not only was the Commissioner a heartily welcomed guest, but he had before him a sympathetic audience—zealous in good works for the public weal. Iron sharpened iron on this occasion, and we are sure that good will be the outcome.

We are nearly at the end of our tale. On Monday afternoon an Officers' Meeting; one of those intimate opportunities in which the Commissioner shows us his fraternal and paternal leadership, and then off for a snack and further words of business with the D.C. and others; and so away to the train. No bad episode of Crusade—special or usual, is it?—*E pluribus unum*



The Commissioner addressing the crowd at Regina from a motor truck. Note the piano—and the pianist!

thought-provoking address, for such an intelligent crowd, could not be effective in spiritually eternal matters.

From thence to a gathering equally important—two hundred eager children in the Citadel, where he had rapt attention, and of course a hearty reception.

All this of course a splendid incentive to the Commissioner and his entourage for the inspiring Soldiers Meeting in the Citadel at night—Friday. Bright, responsive, Salvationalistic, and ready for the fight. It was a Meeting of spiritual power, and several were forward for consecration.

#### FILLING IN THE HOURS

Sick visitations, inspections, reconnoitering, and twenty other duties—or more—filled up those hours when Meetings were not in progress; but they are all part of the Constant Crusade, and so may be omitted from this special report. Those who know anything of the life of a Territorial Commander, or who take the trouble to think, will know that the Commissioner does not spend all his time leading Meetings—far from it.

Let us stay here, however, to say that his call on our gallant Comrade Middleton, of Indian Head, who still lies in Regina General Hospital, was a mutual inspiration. Brother Middleton has a grand testimony, and all who know him will pray that grace may constantly be given him and his.

#### THE BATTLES OF SATURDAY

But Saturday evening brought us to the Local Officers Special Council, with its comrades and inspiring tea-table chat, and thence out to the streets again. Torches, Bands, banners, signs, and glory all the way. "Call out The

gave a comradely touch to our gathering, especially with her morning message. The telegram of greeting from Winnipeg, telling of victories there, was an inspiration.

With the Commissioner's address fresh inspiration took hold of the Meeting; many hearts were under deep conviction of the Spirit, and before the close of the session we had the joy of seeing five coming forward to "sanctify themselves."

#### MONSTER MEETING IN THE METROPOLITAN

A splendid gathering of Army friends and Soldiers and others gathered to greet us in the Metropolitan Theatre for the afternoon lecture, "Winning in the West." The opening song, in its united fervor, had shown us that we were in for a good time, and Brigadier Park's prayer further supported our faith.

Our chairman was that splendid friend of all good causes, but special friend of the Army, the Hon. S. J. Latta, who only did those qualifications support him on this occasion, but his geniality, and oratorical gifts also had full play. In his remarks from the Chair he took us back to the opening days of The Army in Canada, in London, Ont. Eloquently he spoke of the simplicity and universality of our message:

"They are the best of salesmen; they do not wait for you to go to their store, but bring their goods to where you are. They promise deliverance from sin and a change of heart, and they make good their promise. They stand by the essentials of true religion."

When one hears such expressions as these, they kindle one's heart and mind to renewed Army service, and we were

## Eight Seekers at Lloydminster

Eleven Children Decide

Captain Ernle and Lieut. Townson—The Salvation Crusade is in full swing here, and we are in for victory. The first Sunday of the campaign was a soul-stirring day for us all, and at the close of the Salvation Meeting one seeker was registered. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the following week we had Captain and Mrs. Chapman, Captain Flannigan and Captain Smith and Lieut. Walker as "specials." Rousing Open-Air Meetings were held, and the people invited to the Meetings in the Hall, which were of special interest; many strangers came. Here again we proved the presence and power of God, for at the close of the week eight seekers had been registered. We have indeed something for which to praise God.

The previous Sunday eleven children sought God in the Company Meeting, and many of them, by their testimonies, spoke convincingly of the power of God to save them.—Interested.

## Kenora

Captain and Mrs. Whitfield. We had wonderful times last Sunday. God was near us all day, but especially so at night, when one soul sought Christ. Monday night we had a Cottage Meeting in the home of Sister Mrs. Loutett. Tuesday night the Captain gave an inspiring message in the public Meeting. Wednesday night the Home of Sister Mrs. Hinton was thrown open for a Cottage Meeting, which was one of blessing, at which we rejoiced over two seekers for Sanctification. Thursday night Brother Kimberley was the speaker, his address being a great blessing. Friday night a meeting was held at the home of Sister Connelly, and Denbourn, and we rejoiced over two seekers there. These Meetings have all been well attended, and we are all determined to hold on. We thank God for our Officers. They are live wires, and we are sure God is going to bless their efforts here in Kenora.—C.C.

## Battling for God at The Pas

Captain Tucker and Lieut. Mills—The Pas Corps is right in line for the Salvation Crusade. The Half-night of Prayer with which we commenced our special activities was a blessed time in which God came very near to us. The next evening a record crowd gathered for a Cottage Meeting, right through which we felt the Spirit of God working. Before we closed we had the joy of pointing one soul to the Lamb of God. Another comrade left the Meeting under deep conviction and we are praying for her.

Thursday we had a "Sealed Orders" Meeting in which a number of Soldiers and Sailors took part. This was a practical demonstration of the joy of true religion. God is indeed in our midst. Recently several people have been under conviction, and have come seeking advice on spiritual matters, and asking for our prayers. The forces of evil are strong here, but we are trusting in an Almighty Saviour.—Northerner.

## Souls at Nanaimo

Captain and Mrs. Coleman—Following our usual Thursday night Salvation Meeting we went straight into a Half-night of Prayer, this being the commencement of our Crusade; in this Meeting two souls came to the Mercy-Seat, for which we praise God. The week-end Meetings were a great blessing to our souls. The Saturday night Meeting was led by the Band, with Deputy-Bandmaster Ramsell taking the lesson. Sunday two good Open-Airs were followed by a Holiness Meeting in which Mrs. Coleman was the address. During the afternoon the Band went out to Five Acres there to play to a sick man who was much blessed by our music. Captain Kenny, from Alaska, who had been with us all day, took charge of the Salvation Meeting, and we had a blessed time.—C.C.



## Let Us Sing Together!



## NEW AND ORIGINAL SONGS FOR THE CRUSADE

Tune: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"

Comrades, the Day is coming,  
Day in the World foretold;  
When 'mid the scenes triumphant,  
Longed for by men of old,  
He, Who on earth a stranger,  
Traversed the ways of pain,  
Jesus, our Prince and Saviour,  
Comes evermore to reign.

Chorus:

Sing, for the Day is coming.  
Sing for the Day of God;  
Sing as we're marching to Glory,  
Sing of the cleansing Blood.

Comrades, the Day is coming,  
Made for the saints of light;  
Off with the garments dreary,  
On with the armor bright.  
Soon will the strife be deeping,  
Swoons all our toils below,  
Not to the night we're marching,  
But to the Day we go.

Comrades, the Day is coming;  
No time for sadness now.  
Harps for the victor's brow,  
Crowns for the victor's brow.  
See, see the light is breaking,  
Soon will the Day appear.  
Soon will the night be over—  
Jesus, the Lord, is near.

Tune: "Take time to be holy"

I wait at Thy feet, Lord,  
Oh, speak Thou the Word;  
Tell me of Thy will, Lord,  
And it shall be heard.  
And hearing, obeying—  
Swift, swift I will be;  
Just glad to be doing  
Some service for Thee.

Tune: "I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood"

I remember when the burden of my heart  
rolled away,  
I remember when He lifted me from out  
the miry clay;  
I remember when He found me,  
Put His loving arms around me,  
I remember when the Lord found me.

Tune: "Trust and Obey"

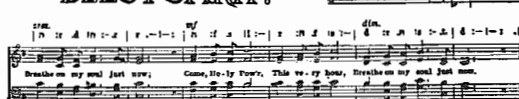
When we're walking with God,  
O'er the heavenly road,  
When we trust in His all-cleansing Blood,  
Sorrow changes to song,  
As we journey along,  
Marching on in the favor of God.

Chorus:

Walking with God,  
On the heavenly road,  
It is glory on glory,  
When we're walking with God.

Other Papers Please Acknowledge—"J"

## BREATHE ON MY SOUL, BLEST SPIRIT!



A beautiful Prayer-Meeting chorus,  
which Mrs. Commissioner Rich has recently revived amongst us.

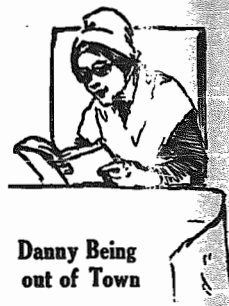
## Victory Winning at Sherbrooke St.

"Some defy the devil with their lips,  
but defy him in their lives." In fact,  
those who talk most flippantly about the  
arch-enemy are generally his friends.  
Those who have really fought with him  
have a salutary horror of his very name.

The week's fighting has been just as  
tense as that of last week, even more so  
when it is known that Mrs. Staff-Captain  
Steele has been in charge of some of the  
Meetings, and when we have had the

Chief Secretary with us for one night,  
also the Field Secretary on another  
occasion. Sunday's Meetings resulted  
in three other seekers for the Crusade  
total.

## The Deliberations of Dorcas Pomore



## Danny Being out of Town

Ste. Al Styremap Mansion, Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is all very well for Danny to leave this job to me, but I am already tired of it. It's recreation for him; it's hard work for me. He comes in for supper, hurries through it, and then he says, "Now, missus, let's clear the table. I've got my 'Deliberations' to do." Tuesday night always makes me upset—he is so dreadfully fussy and busy.

As for me I'm hard at it all day long, never a moment to myself; always somebody at the door, or on the phone, and always just when I've got my hands in water or am up to my arms in flour, or something like that. And then I'm afraid I've broken Danny's typewriter. I can't get it to do, the ribbon's got all balled up, and I don't know how to fix it. He will be annoyed when he gets back. And this such a nuisance always having to look up the dictionary for correct spelling.

Besides, there isn't any news worth speaking about this week. I thought I would have a lot of victories to report, but it seems to me that everybody is so busy doing special stunts, that they've no time for my "selling"—the best stunt of all I did think they might have had a few "Crys" on sale down at Smith and Portage the other noon-hour, but nobody thinks of "Cry" selling on the street these days. Something different to what they used to do when I was a girl in the old Corps at home.

Dear Dorcas:

You will be pleased to know I am having great times at La Prairie. The crowds were splendid the first few nights, but I think there must have been some other attractions in the town since then. However, we shall pull up for the weekend. I have just a few "Crys" on sale down at Smith and Portage the other noon-hour, but nobody thinks of "Cry" selling on the street these days. Something different to what they used to do when I was a girl in the old Corps at home.

Your loving husband,  
Daniel Dorcas, Esq.

I've found and sent the book to him, but I don't think he will get it in time for Sunday night. I am glad I am having a good time, pity about the books, but I don't agree with him criticizing you, Mr. Editor. I am still holding over his correspondence; another letter has come in since last week. I've no doubt but he will tell me I ought to have sent it to you, but I want to speak to him about it.

Yours still in the War,  
Dorcas Pomore, Mrs. Envy

P.S.—Oh, I quite forgot to say that Miss Ensign and Mrs. Moll of the Vegreville Corps have ordered 10 extra "Crys." I think this is pretty sweet. I am a hard-working couple they are, bless them.



## WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

THE topic which brought us together last Friday was certainly cause for smiles and a few quips, if one be made that way. We think Major Tyndall was the first to be aware of it when he asked Staff Captain Steele to announce "Three Cheers for the fact that we had pitched our Holiness Gathering right in the midst of the stirring Salvation scenes now being enacted at the Citadel, gave added piquancy to the situation.

Main Street was resounding with the thrum of drums and the shout of energetic Crusaders as we made our way to the Meeting. Torch-bearers in actuality too, for good old-fashioned torches emblazoned the march, and called all and sundry to come with us. We had it in mind that it certainly would be a case of "mixed pickles" as an old veteran of our memory used to say.

But we sorted ourselves out just fine. The opening song went with a vim and swing that none could question; the main hall was filled with a happy crowd—one could sense Revival in the air. There was a responsiveness about the praise minutes which was exceedingly helpful, and, as one after another, the screen choruses came along, and under our D.C.'s spirited leadership they were taken up with ardour and spirit; some especially so.

Testimonies—they could scarcely be stayed; the temporary gloom of the screen periods could not check them; from the shadows there came words of gladness that could not be repressed. One brother declared that he had worked double-shift in order to be at the Meeting; that they were the weeks least of rejoicing. Another implored those around him for goodness' sake to hurry up and enter into the blessing he had received—and so we rejoiced together.

Mrs. Tyndall's Scripture reading was a splendid foundation for her husband's plans; he was wise; a message in which there was food and instruction, not to say, warning for all their hearers. The old-time parables stood out in our thoughts afresh, and then later mingled with the songs of the evening in a truly refreshing manner.

We rejoiced again over those seeking power and mercy, and thus added another to our Friday night blessings. We are looking forward with some eagerness to hearing Brigadier Carter next Friday on "Spiritual Certainties." If you are within walking distance, you come along.

## WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY'S JOURNEYS

## Brigadier Park on Tour

SUNDRY references in this and last week's issues have reminded us that our very good comrade, Brigadier Park, has been far and field in connection with the work of her Department—the "Women's Social." Many and varied are her responsibilities, and we can imagine that she has not enjoyed many relaxing moments.

She looks for a day when there will be especial need for her to stay longer in Saskatoon, but having completed her share in the recent Y.P. Councils there, she hastened on to Edmonton, where, indeed, she has duties which often claim her personal attention.

We wish it were possible within the short space at our disposal to say all that is in our mind today about the increasingly useful work which is being done by our Social comrades on the "Flats" in Edmonton, where Grace Hospital stands out like a beacon. Major Bond, and her indefatigable helpers—Adjutants Pettigrew and Sampson, and others are kept hard at it. Local editors wax eloquent over the stories they secure from there, and one of these days we shall be telling some ourselves.

On to Calgary went Brigadier Park, and here she found Adjutant C. Knott, with her assistant Adjutant Laycock, busily engaged in the enlarging work of our Grace Hospital. This too, is another institution which stands out like a beacon, and many are at rest for comfort and help. One of the Brigadier's duties was to address an influential company of city ladies, interested in such work as our comrades are doing, and to seek to form an Auxiliary Brigade which will go to form a way towards removing some of the heavy financial burden now on our work in Calgary. (As we might also say, is

## Brigadier Mary Whittaker, M.D.

WHEN we tied ourselves down last week to the duty of presenting our readers with some incidents from the career of Brigadier Whittaker, we were not altogether insensible of the task which lay before us. There are some folk of our acquaintance who are ready to tell you all about themselves, from the moment of their birth right up to the present day. There are others who are the willing to blossom all unseemly, so that the fragrance of their lives, and their comradely influence, may be felt; never anxious to talk about themselves, but always eager to do the job of the moment—pleasant or unpleasant.

It will be generally conceded that among the latter is our good comrade, except that the business of speaking about herself is so unpleasant that she positively will not attempt it. But, as we say, there are some whose influence does spread abroad in spite of themselves, and there are many within the confines of this Territory and elsewhere who would willingly say that Brigadier Whittaker, as we are now so glad to call her.

## A Record of Stability

Grace Hospital has been building up for herself, for years and years, a record of stability and loving beneficence; those who were formerly responsible for this have our grateful affection. We shall not be accused, however, of undue congratulation, when we say that the professional and personal ability, which our comrade has brought to its service, has increased that stability and affection many, many degrees.

We are not now speaking altogether by the book, only more or less from personal knowledge, but we believe the Brigadier is the pioneer of women doctors so far as The Army is concerned. She has her medical colleagues among our men Officers, some of whom have created noble traditions, and whom we are glad to have met. We think with especial fraternal pride of Lt-Colonel (Dr.) Andrews, who not only tolled amongst us, but gave his life in military medical service during the Great War.

## Ever-ready Thoughtfulness

Nearly three years since "The War Cry" announced that Major Whittaker "was admirably fitted, so far as medical knowledge goes, for the high and important position which she had been called upon to occupy." That was perfectly true then, although if we were left free to stress anything today, we would rather remark upon the Doctor's ever-ready thoughtfulness, which she places her knowledge so freely at the disposal of those less equipped than herself. We say nothing about her real friendship with and for those who, in most unhappy moments, come within her care; nor of her rejoicing with those who in the supreme joy of happy childhood call her "Mama," and share their happiness. But this is all part of our Army call,

the case at Edmonton, and many others. What a cry it is!

From Calgary the Brigadier travelled on to Regina, where our Women's Settlement has long been a centre of health and healing. It fills a place in the city and provincial life which would otherwise be a weary waste. The measure of support which already obtains is an indication of the esteem which the Settlement Workers have created, but unfortunately does not meet the necessities of the case. This is another of the Social Secretary's anxieties, one too which rests very heavily

Brigadier Whittaker's career has been full of stirring incident, contrasted with some quiet, even placid moments. Commencing her Field Service as Lieutenant to Captain (now Colonel) Mary Booth, anybody who knows anything of the strenuous Corps labors of our General's daughters and sons, would easily understand she had no lazy days in that part of her career. At Hastings she shared in the trouble which

The Army had with the authorities at the Open Air Meetings, never knowing when she or her Captain might be called upon for her own jail experience.

Following this, a term in the Mother's Hospital at Clapton, only to be rudely broken in upon by the call for War Service. Our friend was one of the little band of Salvationists who were trapped in Brussels by the Germans; they escaped by walking from Brussels to Ostend; a tale full of thrill if only she would talk about it, but she will not. For her services during these days she received the Mons Star.

## The Western Front in 1918

Those were stirring and never-to-be-forgotten days which she spent in company with Colonel Booth, and other intrepid souls, during the following five years in France. She was at Amiens when the Germans broke through on the Western Front in 1918, and all Hospital workers had their hands full after the terrible battles of those days. In the intervals, such as they were, Ensign Whittaker was carefully pursuing her studies, which were taken up with zest after the Armistice.

They were, in any way perhaps, equally strenuous years; seeking knowledge which would be used on the wide battlefield with disease and sickness; but how well she put those days to use, is evidenced by the professional diplomas which came to her, as which now she holds the accepted and eminent position she holds in medical circles in Winnipeg, and indeed the world generally.

## Further Honors

Since coming to Winnipeg the Brigadier has been without recognition of her special place in professional circles. The Women's Medical Association of Manitoba elected her their president for the current year; and she is also the only woman having a seat on the Committee charged with the local arrangements for the World's Medical Congress which is to meet in the City in 1930. Special honors these—all round we say, and we rejoice with her.

All this is good news, we set it down gladly, almost proudly, for is she not one of us? Although after all, we do rejoice most, we think, in the humble and comradely Salvationism which we associate with her name. That is an honor bestowed by the Commissioner's Meetings in Regina, so she ought not to be altogether without "joy in believing." God bless the "W.S.W."

also on the shoulders of the Warden, Adjutant McAuley, who faces it with a cheery spirit.

However, the Brigadier can tell some good stories of answers to prayer, and of salvation and hope, so she is not without real optimism. Indeed, this is the mood, so it seems to us, in which she has returned to T.H.Q. to take up the other tasks which await her. Anyway, she had the additional blessing bestowed by the Commissioner's Meetings in Regina, so she ought not to be altogether without "joy in believing." God bless the "W.S.W."

## MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH

Conducts Farewell and Announcement Meeting at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. **MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH'S** helpful presence, coupled with her motherly, understanding words, was a most pleasant episode for the girls on the Home Side at the Winnipeg "Grace" last Thursday. The special occasion was the farewell of three Officers, who have made their way especially affectionately felt during recent months; Captains Jones, Thatcher, and Tindale. These Officers, as we think we mention elsewhere, are proceeding to the "Grace" at Vancouver. They have labored unceasingly in Winnipeg, and it was especially nice that Mrs. Rich should find it possible to come along and mark their service in this way.

Among other happenings of the evening was the announcement, by Mrs. Rich, of the promotion of Dr. Whittaker to the rank of Brigadier. This was most enthusiastically received, being in the nature of quite a surprise to some in the little audience. The reception of the news left no doubt as to the hold the Brigadier has upon the goodwill of those who are amongst the spiritual responsibilities of the Home Side. The singing during the evening was especially hearty, and we feel sure that our leader's words of counsel and advice were well received; many of her hearers are now serving the Lord, and we pray for them.

## Fort Rouge — Three Seekers on Monday Night

It can well be imagined that Mrs. Rich would not be slow to take advantage of the hand-to-hand contact of the Crusade officers, and so it is no surprise to hear that she was at Fort Rouge on Monday night last.

A splendid crowd gathered—the Hall was full—and the spirit of the Campaign was well in evidence; the speaker, who had had on the Sunday shed its influence over this particular Meeting. Mrs. Adjutant T. Mundy added to the zest of the evening, with her bright testimony and happy song.

Mrs. Rich conducted the service in her own "homely" fashion, and the good people quickly responded thereto. Highlights, as some folk call them, are not in her style, she deals out the truth in a straightforward unmistakable manner, and it is no wonder, but cause for praise to God, that three seekers were registered. Fort Rouge Crusade Band was out in force—nothing unusual for that excellent young combination—but still, a special tribute to the affection which the people of this fighting Outpost have for their premier Soldiers—Commissioner and Mrs. Rich.

## WOMEN CRUSADERS AT MT. PLEASANT

Lt.-Colonel Mrs. Payne and Grace Hospital Officers Lead On

Ensign and Mrs. Rea—A Half-night of Prayer laid a firm foundation for our Crusade here. A large number of officers and the meeting led by the Corp Officers was in a whole-hearted consecration for service on the part of all present.

On Sunday, Lt.-Colonel Mrs. Payne, and a number of the Grace Hospital Officers, were in charge all day, and we had a blessed time indeed. In the afternoon, a meeting in the Chapel, the words of cheer brought rest to the troubled soul of a Bandsman who fully surrendered himself. Captain Stratton, assisted by a comrade Officer from "The Grace," led a really good Meeting in the afternoon. At night Mrs. Payne, supported by Adjutant Lister, was again on deck. There was a tinge of sadness in this Meeting, it being the Memorial Service for Bandsman J. Poole. The Colonel spoke tenderly of his promotion to Glory; the Bandsmaster also spoke of his cheerful Band service, and of his bright disposition. Following a Band selection and a duet from Adjutant Lister, and another Officer, the Colonel read the 23rd Psalm and spoke helpfully. A hard-fought Prayer-Meeting followed in which there were three seekers for Salvation and two for Holiness—S.C.P.

## It's the Finish That Counts

No race is over till the last yard's run. No game is ever lost until it's won—A fire never dies until it's smothered. While the ashes are still red—Nor the sun set in the skies Until the day is done.



# MOTHER FLORENCE

## THE STORY OF A VALIANT SOUL

By the late Elizabeth Swift Bregle—brought up to date by "J."



### CHAPTER I A Brutal Father

"MOTHER, can't I go see Mary Jane?" asked little Susan Nichols, aged eight.

"No, child! Don't you know she has small-pox?" returned the mother, busily "flying around" at her morning's work for her large and rather helpless family. "Yes, that's why I want to go!" exclaimed Susan. "I've never seen the small-pox."

"Well, you won't, then. You must be crazy," said Mrs. Nichols, briskly going on with her work, and engaged at the same time with the daily recurring problem of how to make food and clothes for a family of four, answer for six. Her study was continually broken in upon by the teasing voice of Susan, till at last the harassed woman purchased present peace with the prospect of a good deal of future trouble, by saying, "Well, get along with you, do!"

Susan did not wait to give her an opportunity of retracting the hasty permission, but flew out of the door, and gaily trotted along the snowy street to the cottage where the object of her curiosity lay, probably dying.

### Horror!

Nobody hindered her going in, nobody sent her away from the sick girl's room; but, as she crept in and stood with the knot of neighbors who were whispering there, one of them lifted her above the tall bed-foot to give her a better look at the patient. "Horror! Was that swollen, scarlet, blotched thing, aimlessly picking at the bed-clothes and feebly muttering out of blackened lips, Mary?"

Susan looked, fascinated, and she stayed long enough in the plague-laden air, trying to familiarise herself with this new conception of suffering, before she trudged back through the snow to her mother, a sadder and a wiser child.

Her new-born ideas had a broader basis of experience on which to work before many days, for she sickened, like Mary, and found out for herself how far inward suffering from small-pox exceeds all outward signs of it. All her brothers and sisters, numbering six, were ill with her, and all, except the baby, escaped the grave with her.

Mr. Nichols, Susan's father, was a harsh, cold man, never very fond of his children, but the baby's death maddened him. He took poor Susan in his arms, all weak as she was, held her up over the little casket in which the dead baby lay, and said, "Look there, now! You've murdered her! You're her murderer!"

Everything was changed for Susan at the time of her illness. For one thing, her father had before been pleased with her childish prettiness, and had been fairly good to her, but now the small-

This is truly the Story of a Valiant Soul. It is also a tale of Old-Country homes and lanes; and as we proceed, will become a tale of New-Country vigour and Salvation. It will tell of the first days of The Army in Canada, and remind us of the struggles of those times. It will show how a simple village maiden became a veritable Fighter for God and a Saint in His Kingdom.

pox had spoiled her good looks, and she had nothing to recommend her to him as against the fact that she had brought him trouble, expense, and even death into his family. He hated her, and what a father can do to make a child's life wretched; he never spared her.

Susan knew little of the joys of religion. She had always been sent carefully to the Methodist Sunday-School, in a building which has since become a Salvation Army Hall, and there she was taught the simple story of Jesus in a way that even a child could understand.

Long before the days of The Army the



walls of that little chapel rang with the old chorus:

"When the mighty, mighty Trump sounds,  
Come, come away.  
Oh, may we be ready  
To hail that glad day."

It struck conviction into the little heart, for Susan knew she was not ready to stand before God, and she stayed after the class was dismissed, on this particular Sunday, to get right.

### A definite transaction

There was a definite transaction, that day between her young soul and its Maker. There is always such definite dealing when a soul is truly converted, although often, through a bewildering rush of emotion, or because the mind is not used to formulating its own processes, the plain offer of God, on the one hand, and the actual closing of the soul, by faith, with that offer, are not recognised as such.

But this child of eight so recognized it: "I asked God to forgive me," she said, "and I believed that He did, because He had promised to in His Word."

It was not necessary to her wrestling on the floor, and leave behind a pool of salt tears, as Susan did; but a hearty repentance always goes before true faith—saving faith always follows genuine repentance. No doubt, if the old chapel had at that time been an Army Hall, this Junior Soldier would have gone home to try and get her mother saved; but now, all that she thought of doing was to tell her that she was very happy, and that she expected to see God. For Susan had this idea firmly fixed in her mind, that she should see Him Who had saved her, with her mortal eyes.

Every morning, when she first got up, she ran to look towards the West, away from the dazzling sun, for the Saviour; and neither the long, blossoming garden

walk, the level fields beyond, nor any of the lovely English sights, held her eyes from the skies where she expected him to appear.

And at last He did. To the very end of her long, long life, Susan was most definite in saying that her Jesus answered her expectant faith on that long-ago morning, and that she saw Him as He appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration, in the shining white robes of the great glory.

At least, her belief, coupled with her subsequent experience, shows the powerlessness of any supernatural vision to keep the heart stayed upon God, and right before Him. The hourly communion of any plodding follower of Jesus will do more toward that than any recorded visions. Paul's sight of the third heaven had to be offset by a lasting thorn, lest he "should be exalted above measure."

### "I see God"

"Oh, mother—I see God!" cried Susan. "Nonsense, child; no one ever saw Him," said the mother. She would not listen as the child tried to tell her about it, so Susan shut the vision up in her own heart, and told no one else.

One Sunday, not long after Susan's conversion, Mrs. Nichols asked her to run out and buy some turnips for the family dinner. She was met with the unexpected answer, "My teacher says it's a sin."

The Spirit drove home the child's words, and her mother was melted in a moment. "I know it's a sin, my child," she said, "and I'll not ask you again!"

She saw, then, clearly, that she was not only going to hell, but had been trying to lead her daughter there with her. She got on her knees at once, and asked God to save her. A marked change was apparent in her from that time on. She became an active Christian worker, got people saved, in her turn, and though she had not opportunity of preaching herself, used, later in life, to furnish the local preacher of the place with heads and analyses for his sermons, though she could not possibly have given a name to her efforts in this line, other than "my ideas of the text."

Christ's saving power was well taught to Susan, but not His keeping power. She thought that she had to keep herself, and that goodness consisted in abstaining from lies or speaking wickedness. There was a great deal to be kept from beside, if she had realised it. Hatred, revenge, and envy would crop up in her little soul when her father maltreated her or ridiculed her, especially when his persecution took the form of putting plasters on her poor scarred and mottled face, and holding her up before the glass with a mocking "There—see what a beauty you are!"

One day a neighbor, the owner of a plum tree overhanging the walls of the Nichols' garden, walked in with the accusation, "That there mawther (girl) of yours has been stealing my greengages."

### "I could cry no more"

"I'll give her greengages," said the ready father, barely waiting to note that she was the only one of the children tall enough to reach the boughs.

"And whipped and beaten I was till I could cry no more," was Susan's sequel to the neighbor's tale. The little brothers, who had mounted each other's shoulders,

and stolen the fruit, tried to console her afterwards. Susan would not let them confess, for why should they be beaten too? But the wounds in her childish heart rankled for years.

Their father's ways were well calculated to prejudice the minds of the small Nichols against all accepted forms of religion. Grace at meals was strictly insisted upon, and it fell to Susan, as eldest, to repeat:

"We thank Thee, Lord for this our food,  
But more because of Jesus' Blood.  
Let manna to our souls be given—  
The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven."

This ceremony satisfactorily performed, the head of the family dealt out to each child a very small portion of food, with the remark, "This is your share, and if you ask for any more you shan't have it, not if it was to save your life." So readily he solved the food problem which caused his wife so much anxiety.

Sundays were celebrated by an extra dinner; but the least breach of manners was seized upon as an excuse to send the offender off to bed for the rest of the day, with neither dinner or supper. Susan laughed so easily that she was oftenest the victim of her father's desire to save food; but one Sabbath she had the company of two of her brothers upstairs; and at night the father set out for the evening service at the Parish Church, leaving the youngsters safe in bed, and the stairway door secured by a fork stuck in the casing.

Hunger at last became stronger than fear in the small trio; they crept down the staircase, and rattled at the door, till presently out fell the fastening fork. They were sure, now, to be beaten, and they might as well have the worth of their prospective hiding, so they ran over to the cupboard in the corner, and filled themselves with the remains of the Sunday's meal.



They had barely finished, when there was a step on the stone, and the door opened—but it was only mother.

"Children, what are you doing? Your father'll kill you!" she cried. "Hurry back!—he's just behind."

They scuttled up the staircase softly and as quickly as mice; their pale mother stuck the fork in the hole, and they were safe for this time.

(To be continued)



## Repent and turn to God

No. 1

The fact is his father has lost him, being too busy to have a game with him. He was too much engrossed with his own work to give an hour or so to the lad. He didn't bother to answer the questions he thought were too trivial during the years when the boy looked upon his dad as his great hero and so he was lost to his father.